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SEA SONGS.

SEA SONGS.

BY

W. C. BENNETT.

“ A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of states.”

MACAULAY'S *History of England*.

“ Love thou thy land with love far-brought
From out the pictured past.”—TENNYSON.

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1878.

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DEDICATION.

DEAR MR. LOCKER,

I have several reasons for dedicating this volume of Sea Songs to you.

You and the ocean have memories in common. Both mind well that fine old English Admiral, your Grandfather, the warmly-loved friend of Hawke, and the Captain who trained both Nelson and Collingwood for the days of St. Vincent and Trafalgar.

Your father, my father's friend, was the ruling power at Greenwich Hospital. He founded the Naval Gallery which peoples the Painted Hall with the men whose deeds have made England the ruler of all seas.

Sitting among those pictures I felt these grand old

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heroes were but names to the people. So my pen has striven to make them and their victories known to the Englishmen of to-day.

We are both Greenwich men, and both penmen, but the place you have so worthily won in the literature of our time would alone be enough to make it a pleasure to me to say how sincerely I am,

Yours truly,

W. C. BENNETT.

Hyde Cottage, Greenwich.

April 20th, 1878.

P R E F A C E .

THERE is no part of our history grander than that which records the triumphs of our seamen. Every Englishman ought to be familiar with the great men and the great deeds that have made ours the mightiest naval power that men have as yet known ; yet the daring, the magnanimity, and the successes of our sea-kings, lie buried in our prose histories, little known to any but literary students. There are good reasons why this should be altered ; why our grand old Admirals and their days of victory should become stirring melodies for the whole nation, but especially for our sailors. Our iron walls must guard our shores from all invasion, as our wooden walls through centuries have shielded us from hostile approach. The English people must be made to feel that pride in our navy which shall induce them to make all needful sacrifices to maintain its full efficiency and power. Those who man our ironclads must be full of that old spirit which defeated the Armada and won Trafalgar.

It is strange that our poets have done no more than they have to keep alive our pride in our ocean rule, and our determination that it shall never be lost. Let me endeavour to supply our sailors and the people with

some songs which shall make our Blake and Vernon, our Anson and Exmouth more than names to them. If I succeed, I shall rightly feel that I have laboured at a work which may be held to be even of national importance.

I have used the ordinary language of the people, intending my songs to be such as can be felt and sung by the class for which they are written. I have trusted to the grandeur of the incidents narrated and the dramatic truth of the feelings uttered, to interest and stir my readers. If it be urged that the length of some of my songs renders them unsuitable for singing, I reply that in the intervals of leisure which a sailor has, he will as readily listen to a ballad as to a song. A fore-castle audience requires what the hearers of our old ballads demanded—plenty of stirring incidents and strong, true feeling simply expressed. These I have sought to give. My success or failure will be determined by the adoption or neglect of my songs by our blue jackets themselves. To them I send forth my volume, not without a strong hope that I shall not have written for them in vain.

I have concluded my volume with two poems connected with the sea.

The pleasant way in which my 'Songs for Sailors' have been received by my literary brethren and the people, lead me to hope these Sea Songs will not be unwelcome to English readers.

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SEA SONGS.



WITH A ONE, TWO, THREE.

DON'T hit out from the shoulder, unless you're struck
the first ;

But, Jack, if they will have it, then be sure they get
the worst ;

Don't go in for a skirmmage, but if it needs must be,
Why, dash it, then into them with a smashing one,
two, three.

Never go about to quarrel ; with those I don't agree,
Who always must be in a row when ashore they're
on the spree ;

But if they insult my lass ; if they'd make a fool of
me,

Why dash it, Jack, I at 'em with a settling one, two,
three.

And so it's with Old England; I say, she's wise and
right,
Unless she's forced in to it, not to go in for a fight;
But, if she's wronged or bullied, Jack, and fighting it
must be,
Why, dash it! let her smash them with her old one,
two, and three.





WHAT LUBBERS THEY'RE ON SHORE.

WHAT lubbers they're on shore, now—why,
When I was there, a tailor
Says to me, "Who'd to sea? not I;
Oh, who would be a sailor?"
Poor thing! his face was white as foam;
His arm, a stick to Nancy's;
Says I, "You're one best left at home
To croak your milksop fancies;
And yet a cruise would put some red,
Even into you, you tailor;
'Twould blow those whimsies from your head,
Your pity for a sailor."

"Yes, snip, we face the storm; what then?
We dread it? there's your error;
The seas we sail, they make us men
That cannot feel your terror;

Though work is hard and prog is tough,
Such life the blast blows through us,
With song and laugh, through all we rough
That calm and storm bring to us ;
As round your chimney-pots they roar,
The gusts scare you, you tailor,
They frighten you, you things ashore ;
They're laughed at by a sailor."





IT'S IN US, THAT'S ALL.

IF they ask why we've thrashed all
 We've fought on the main,
Why we who have smashed all
 Shall smash all again ;
Don't puzzle your mind, Bill,
 The why to recall ;
It's not long to find, Bill ;
 It's in us, that's all.

Set the Mounseers' tongues going ;
 However they fuss,
Did they put to sea knowing
 That they could thrash us ?
Did they think, when we'd caught them,
 They'd win ? not at all ;
We'd beat ere we fought them ;
 It's in us, that's all.

Ask the Dons if they ever
Have fought us to win ;
If they don't say, " Never,"
They lie and that's sin ;
Three centuries they've tried us
With hope ? not at all ;
They've struck when beside us ;
It's in us, that's all.

The nearest to treat us
In just our own way
Was Mynheer. Did he beat us ?
Well, just perhaps one day.
But, put on our mettle,
Did we flinch at all ?
Mynheer, we did settle ;
It's in us, that's all.

And as for what's coming
With any that crow,
If hornets are humming,
Who'll smoke them, we know ;
If we're driven to it,
The past just recall,
And you'll see how we'll do it ;
It's in us, that's all.



GIVE HER A GALE AND SHE'LL GO.

GIVE her a gale and she'll go ;
Like a petrel she'll skim the blast ;
While the spray sweeps her deck with snow,
As the waves, in their race, foam past ;
Pack on every stitch she can bear ;
Let her use, as she can, her wings ;
Through the crests of the waves she'll tear,
While the blast through her taut shrouds sings ;
She's a clipper that none can match ;
At that sea, how she leapt and laughed ;
Where's the boat that her heels can catch ?
Then, " Here's to our peerless craft."

A swan, in a calm, she'll lie,
Looking down in her green sea glass
At her form that she loves to eye,
For she's vain, is our dainty lass ;
The fins round our beauty swarm ;
The gulls, near her, love to float ;
For pleasant to all's the form
Of our beauty, our good tight boat ;
She's perfect from flag to keel ;
Where's the one that, our lass, can whip ?
Safe in her, as ashore, you feel ;
Then, " Here's to our peerless ship."



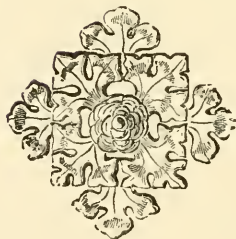


STRIKE AND STRIKE HARD.

THOSE who have made us
Kings of the deep,
This one rule bade us
Always to keep,
If we from story
Ne'er would be barred,
We must for glory
Strike and strike hard.

'Twas so our Drake did,
Hawkins and such ;
'Twas so our Blake did,
Smashing the Dutch ;
By doubting, never
Be great deeds marred ;
Like Nelson, ever
Strike and strike hard.

Weighers of dangers,
Act still too late ;
They, to doubt, strangers,
They are the great ;
At nothing shrinking,
Use Cochrane's card ;
Act while you're thinking ;
Strike and strike hard.





MY HEART IS NORTH WITH YOU.

By Borneo's spicy headlands,
By reef and surf and palm,
Our screw is eastward steaming
On through the tropic calm ;
The South's deep hush is round me ;
The South's bright stars, I view ;
My lonely watch, I'm pacing,
But my heart is North with you.

In gorgeous glory sinking,
The sun, the west, died down ;
And how my fond heart tracked him
To one dear Kentish town ;
To one far home, so dear, wife,
To one, so fond and true ;
Oh ! Kate, the South is round me,
But my heart is North with you !



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SMOKE.

THERE'S nothing like a smoke ;
To that I'll firmly stick ;
Give me a pipe for comfort,
Whether, lads, I'm well or sick ;
Take anything away you like
But that, 'twill be a joke ;
But leave me still my blessed pipe ;
Oh, there's nothing like a smoke !

One's fancy, it knows change
In friendship and in love,
But to 'bacca all are constant,
For it's, love and friends, above ;
Take my lass or take my glass ;
Their loss I'll hold a joke
While you leave me still my blessed pipe ;
Oh, there's nothing like a smoke !

Whatever is the weather,
In calm or breeze or storm,
Wherever you may sail or walk,
Let your clime be cold or warm,
Whether you be crossed or happy,
You can treat all as a joke
While in your lips you hold a pipe ;
Oh, there's nothing like a smoke !

They say, some white-faced landmen
At 'bacca make a fuss ;
It may hurt such as they are,
But it's meat and drink to us ;
Weak stomachs may kick at it ;
But that's to us a joke ;
We leave all that to landmen ;
Oh, there nothing like a smoke !





FROM CAPE HORN.

You landsmen lie in clover,
 In down beds soft and warm,
But to us they're far the softest
 Who have sailed through ice and storm ;
It makes a warm bed warmer
 To think of what we've borne,
 As we beat,
 Ice and sleet,
In winter round the Horn.

You landsmen feel it cosy,
 This coal-fire's ruddy glow,
But, as we toast us in its blaze,
 A dearer warmth we know ;
It makes a red fire hotter,
 To think of all we've borne,
 As we beat,
 Ice and sleet,
In snow-storms round the Horn.



OLD GROG.

HIS SAILORS' NAME FOR ADMIRAL VERNON WHO TOOK
AND DESTROYED PORTO BELLO.

Nov. 21st, 1739.

IF you want a yarn, old fellow,
To jot down in your log,
Hear this of Porto Bello,
How 'twas taken by Old Grog ;
Ah, lads, but he could do it !
At nothing, boys, he failed ;
So with him to win—we knew it—
For Panama we sailed ;
I shipped bold Vernon under,
And we set home-folks agog,
Quite mad with joy and wonder
At that deed of brave Old Grog.

The Dons' pride needed taming ;
Our ships and men they'd seized ;
Our rulers, England shaming,
Let Spain do as she pleased ;
They'd got no taste for powder,
All for peace-mongering then,
So out spoke John Bull louder
Than suited such half men ;
To go at Porto Bello
All England was agog ;
And Vernon was the fellow ;
" I'll take it," said Old Grog.

Out, in the House, he thundered,
" But give to me six sail,
I'll take it ;" that he'd blundered
They thought ; he sure must fail ;
Just all he asked, they gave him,
Six sail, the Dons to flog ;
They thought no pluck could save him ;
They didn't know Old Grog ;
He care for odds ! old fellow,
He went, all odds, to flog ;
Their vaunted Porto Bello
Just suited brave Old Grog.

With six good liners sailing
For Panama we went ;
We had no thought of failing,
Though to tough work we were sent ;
There was our port, snug lying
A mile deep, down its bay,
With three forts, foes defying,
To maul us on our way ;
De Ferro's guns, a hundred,
First hid us in their fog ;
From Gloria ninety thundered
As in went brave Old Grog.

We saw no use in wasting
Good time ; their castles quick
A dose from us were tasting
That soon their Dons made sick ;
We gave them such a warming,
They found it far too hot ;
Then, through their gun-ports swarming,
Into their forts we shot ;
A twinkle—they were knowing
How Dons and such we flog ;
Our flag run up was showing
All right to brave Old Grog.

Our powder, careful fellow,
Their Governor wouldn't waste;
So, out from Porte Bello,
A white flag rowed in haste;
'Twas ours, their hold so vaunted,
Their port we'd vowed to gain;
A prize to hearts, undaunted
By all the Dons of Spain;
Hurrah! a prize we'd won, boys,
With pride we well might log,
And what he'd said, he'd done, boys,
So, here's to brave Old Grog.





THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

OUR port we make ; I jump ashore,
For weeks to walk a watch no more,
And home I push and, at the door,
 I catch and buss my Nancy ;
A jiffy—I am snug at tea
With Jack and Nan upon my knee ;
And am I really home from sea ?
 Yes, there sits my own Nancy.

How many a time, by day—by night,
I'd fancied this before my sight,
All of us in this warm firelight ;
 And is it real, my Nancy ?
Yes, here I see the firelight play
On all I've seen long leagues away ;
Now God be thanked for this, I say,
 That here I sit with Nancy.

I rub my eyes,—what is that shout ?
Up to your watch!—come—tumble out ;
And is it but a dream about
 My Jack and Nan and Nancy ?
Yes, here I'm on my watch alone ;
Well, all that in my dream was shown,
'Thank God ! some hour will be my own ;
 And I shail be with Nancy.





ARE WE CHANGED FROM WHAT WE
WERE ?

ARE we changed from what we were ?

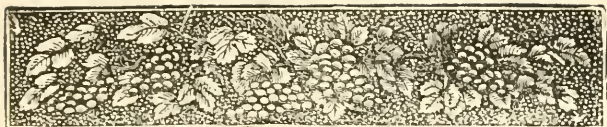
No—we're all our fathers' sons ;
Their deeds our pulses stir ;
Through our veins their great blood runs.
Their ways to us are strange ;
Our life is different far ;
But in heart we know no change ;
What our fathers were, we are.

More than they did, we love peace

And a quiet life. What then ?
Though we would that war should cease,
For that, are we less men ?
We've all their bull-dog breed,
Though less prone to growl by far
Though a peaceful life we'd lead,
What our fathers were, we are.

To strike out will they dare
To make us? If they do,
They'd better have a care ;
Their rashness they may rue ;
More than our fathers' might
Have we to day, by far ;
And, lads, if we must fight,
What our fathers were, we are,





TAKE ME, LASS, FOR LIFE.

We may be rough outside,
Rougher than your landsmen are,
But hearts within us hide
That, than theirs, are softer far ;
The cheeks are rough and red,
'Gainst which the tempests blow ;
Don't be by that misled,
While a warm heart beats below ;
Then take me, lass, for life ;
A sailor's darling be ;
You'll know, when you're my wife,
What hearts we bring from sea.

We've not the smooth ways, perhaps,
That some can show on land ;
But we're men, we sailor chaps,
As your eyes can understand ;

Lisping words polite and cold
Your landmen's way may be,
But our love in tones is told
That we catch from storms at sea ;
Then take me, lass, for life ;
A sailor's darling be ;
You'll know, when you're my wife,
What hearts we bring from sea.





SO I GO, MY LADS, FOR PLUCK.

SOME are wishing for the rhino ;
Some may long for love or luck ;
But whatever may be mine—Oh,
Still mine be lots of pluck !
With that it's been plain sailing
Ever since the world began,
For, with pluck, you can't be failing ;
Fortune loves to help a man ;
Why, without pluck, you're a ninny ;
However good's your luck ;
Though I'm without a guinea,
I can laugh while I have pluck.

With it, at fear, you're chaffing ;
Though they may frighten some,
You meet all dangers laughing,
However thick they come ;

If fortune choose to trip you,
 In any way she can,
If she of all else strip you,
 She leaves you still a man ;
Your heart she is but trying ;
 You'll soon have better luck ;
Fight on, on that relying ;
 Life's prizes fall to pluck.

Without it, man's a looby,
 Unfit, through storms, to steer ;
A shadow shakes the booby ;
 He can't feel joy, for fear ;
His tongue don't dare to speak out,
 As a plucky fellow's can ;
Some shuffle it will squeak out,
 That wouldn't suit a man ;
Truth's plume and the white feather
 Never in one cap are stuck ;
Lies and fears still live together,
 So I go for truth and pluck.

And if, for landsmen, meekness,
 And women's nerves won't do,
My lads, it's certain, weakness,
 And whining won't suit you ;

To live our life, you're needing
To get all the heart you can ;
Your real old bull-dog breeding
Must prove you all a man ;
A sailor must, in danger
And fight, feel he's in luck,
To every fear a stranger,
So, lads, I go for pluck.





A KISS TO TAKE TO SEA.

GIVE me a laughing, parting kiss,
That I afar may be
Blest in the thought you gave me this,
To cheer me, lass, at sea.

To tropic calms, I'll take this kiss ;
In storms, my thought 'twill be ;
My dreams shall still be sweet with this,
This kiss I take to sea.

Smile—smile ; your Ned, will you much miss ?
You'll sometimes think of me ?
And when shall I not feel this kiss,
This kiss I take to sea ?



LOVE PEACE, BUT FOR WAR BE
READY.

You landsmen are weakly prating
That our island needs no defence ;
You'd trust that no foes are hating
Our power ; that's want of sense ;
But to this be our statesmen steady,
However you prate and fuss,
Love peace, but for war be ready,
For that's the motto for us.

But fools and madmen are longing
That we shall be forced to fight ;
If you say, we want war, you're wronging
Our wishes that long for right ;
But to this be our statesmen steady,
Whoever may prate and fuss,
Love peace, but for war be ready,
For that's the motto for us.

Our fleet must be what we're needing,
One that safety for us makes sure ;
That, the force of the world undreading,
Shall make us more than secure ;
For to this be our statesmen steady,
Whoever may prate and fuss,
Love peace, but for war be ready,
For that's the motto for us.





THE LETTER EDGED WITH BLACK.

THE boat came off with letters and nearly all got
some ;
The one that didn't get one, why, I tell you, he looked
glum ;
A black-edged one they gave to me, and, Lord ! how
my hand shook ;
And how my heart sank in me as that letter, lass, I
took ;
Who could it be was dead at home ? was it Nan or
Jack or you ?
I must read it by myself alone, away from all the crew.

I could at once have cried outright ; what would it tell
to me ?
Oh ! wife, lass, how we love you all when we're away
at sea !

So I stole down to my bunk, and a minute there I sat ;
Though I wanted so to read it, I didn't dare ; that's
flat ;

But at last I took and opened it ; it was poor cousin
Jack ;

Oh, never send again, my lass, a letter edged with black !





FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

YOUR eyes are bright, my lasses,
My home-birds fond and fair,
But eyes I've seen down South, girls,
And bright as yours were there ;
And I'm looking down, down South now,
To the gleaming tropic calms,
And eyes I see
Beam bright on me
Beneath far-distant palms ;
Oh ! the girls of Nukuheva,
Though fair and fond you be,
The girls of Nukuheva,
They'll still be dreams to me.

Oh, sweeping in from whaling
Through many a weary day,
How sweet it was to hug the land
In Nukuheva Bay ;
How sweet to crunch the coral strand
Beneath deck-weary feet,
And eyes to see
Gleam bright on me,
Young eyes so wild and sweet ;
Oh ! the girls of Nukuheva,
Though fond and dear you be,
The girls of Nukuheva,
They'll still be dreams to me.

The breeze off land is blowing ;
Farewell brown maids ashore ;
Our ship is homeward going ;
The South I'll see no more ;
Yet, in thought, I'm looking South still
To the shining tropic calms,
And gleaming eyes
Give soft replies
Beneath those far-off palms.
Oh ! the girls of Nukuheva,
So fair and fond and free,
I shall see their girlish glances
Till I no more can see.



OUR FINE OLD COMMODORE.

LORD ANSON.

1740 1750.

You may prate of Hawke and Rooke,
Of Rodney, Howe and more,
But none better suit my book
Than our brave old Commodore ;
From Drake's to Cochrane's name,
We've heroes many a score,
But who is worthier fame
Than our fine old Commodore,
Our brave old Commodore,
Our dauntless Commodore,
Who glory found
The whole world round,
Like a fine old Commodore ?

With all the heart of Drake,
 Before his sails were furled
He dared our flag to take
 Right round the trackless world ;
The Dons', the tempests' wrath
 Might in his sea-road roar ;
Through all, he fought his path,
 Did our fighting Commodore,
 Our brave old Commodore,
 Our dauntless Commodore,
 Who plunder found
 The whole world round,
 Like a fine old Commodore.

How London's bells rang out,
 As through her thronged ways rolled,
Through one long thundering shout,
 Spain's galleon's captured gold !
Again his fame they clashed
 For treasure won once more ;
This time the French he'd thrashed,
 Our fighting Commodore,
 Our brave old Commodore,
 Our dauntless Commodore,
 At Spithead, lay
 Ten sail that day
 Won by our Commodore.

Cool, steadfast, patient, brave,
How well he played his part!
Where'er he rode the wave,
There sailed an English heart
Kind friend and dreaded foe,
Till fleets we need no more,
May England always show
Such a fine old Commodore,
As our brave old Commodore,
Our conquering Commodore,
Of whom the most
We love to boast
As our fine old Commodore.





READY—ALWAYS READY.

READY, always ready, boys,
That your motto be ;
Still to that be steady, boys ;
That's your rule for sea ;
Always good for all things,
Tough though some may be ;
Good for great and small things,
That's the rule at sea.

Ready, always ready, boys,
That's a sailor's pride ;
Always cool and steady, boys,
Whate'er may betide ;
To weak land-nerves, strangers,
Sailors all should be ;
They who out-face dangers,
They're the lads for sea.



THE APPARITION.

I WAS leaning on the bulwarks ;
The line we'd crossed at last,
And, sparkling little wavelets on,
The sea's long swell rolled past ;
'Twas noon ; I gazed adown the green,
Whence the flying-fish would leap,
Where the shark at times, and monsters strange
Sank down, down, through the deep ;
'Twas then, while most were dozing,
Tired out of sky and sea,
Up from the depths of ocean,
A vision rose to me.

I can't say that it scared me,
That it filled my eyes with awe ;
In truth, 'twas somewhat pleasant,
That ghost—if ghost I saw ;
'Twas a face I'd known far North, Fan,
Two teasing eyes I'd seen
That gazed up, laughing into mine,
From out the ocean's green ;
Two red lips pouted up, Fan,
To mine, from out the sea ;
And I thought I'd tell you, darling,
Of that ghost that rose to me.



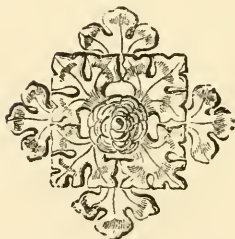


THE LAUNCH.

Now, now they strike the shores away,
And, as away they're struck,
 The noble ship
 Adown the slip
Takes water like a duck ;
 No hitch—no stay,
 She floats away ;
How well her work she knows !
 And noble work
 She will not shirk
Where'er the free wind blows.

Good luck to her, where'er she sail ;
God guard the lass, I say ;
 May never rock
 Her timbers shock,
Or sea sweep spar away ;

Oh! may the wave
Ne'er be her grave,
Winds waft her round the world,
Still, still to work
And never shirk
Till, in port, her sails are furled.



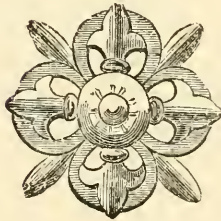


WALKING THE WATCH.

While the dark cold watch I'm keeping,
 Far on the sea,
While I'm steering—while I'm sleeping,
 Far on the sea,
Still of you I'm always thinking,
Still to you my glass I'm drinking,
Still to you my hopes I'm linking,
 Far on the sea.

Hard's the toil and small's the leisure,
 Far on the sea ;
Great's the danger—poor's the pleasure,
 Far on the sea ;
But, all thought of hardship spurning.
Cash for you I'm gaily earning,
Blest to think I'm soon returning
 Home, Kate, from sea.

Ah ! but, lass, my life were weary,
Far on the sea,
Work and leisure both were dreary,
Far on the sea ;
If no hope this heart were cheering
That each day the hour I'm nearing
When I'll kiss that smile endearing,
Safe home from sea.





SIR EDWARD PELLEW AT PLYMOUTH.

JANUARY 26TH, 1796.

OH! gallant Ned Pellew
Was a hero, lads, as true
As ever yet drew seaman's breath ;
No braver heart than he
Ever sailed the stormy sea
Or laughed right in the face of death.

Was there fighting to be done
Or a good risk to be run
What, for odds, did Ned Pellew care ?
When once he only knew
What work he had to do,
He did it well, right off, then and there.

At Plymouth now one night
He was riding through all right
In fine togs to some great folks' ball,
But a gale, it blew great guns,
And a crowd, it shoreward runs ;
To an Indiaman, a wreck, rush all.

He was 'mongst them, like a shot ;
To the beach, he quickly got,
And there, through the spray and roar,
The Dutton, in the gloom,
Lay waiting for her doom,
While her officers had skulked to shore.

Five hundred souls they knew
Were aboard and women too
And children too in scores were there ;
To order things aright,
Not a soul was there that night,
Nor a pilot, out to go, would dare.

"I'll go myself," he said,
Our gallant dauntless Ned ;
One rope, from shore to ship, held still ;
So, along that hawser, he,
Across the boiling sea,
Was hauled aboard with right good will.

'Then he shouted on the deck,
"Every soul upon the wreck,
Is safe ; all that beach shall tread ;
But you'll all do what I say,
And, if one dare disobey,
I'll run him through, I swear," he said.

The mad disorder hushed,
Into willing working crushed ;
Not a woman but had trust in him ;
He would save them from sea-graves,
He would snatch them from the waves,
If the Dutton, half an hour, would swim.

So there was hope for fears ;
There rang out three wild cheers ;
They were safe ; their faith in him was fast ;
Though his ship's barge vainly tried,
And his launch, to reach her side,
To a boat, at last, two hawsers passed.

Hurrah ! the shore they reach ;
They are capstaned to the beach ;
Now with travelling ropes the cradles go ;
The women, children, first,
Then the sick across are nursed,
While the thundering, hungering billows race below.

Then the soldiers safe were sent,
Then every sailor went,
And when none but he on board remained,
The last to tread the deck,
The last to leave the wreck,
Along the rope, the beach he gained.

The stormy waves might roar,
But a mightier roar ashore
Rang out, to greet him safe to land,
Bruised, and crippled sore, he came,
With a nobler, grander fame
Than if he'd brought red victory in his hand.

Of himself he never thought,
'Twas to others that he sought
The praise of this, his deed, to give ;
But thousands that deed saw,
And had looked on him with awe,
A hero, in their hearts, to live.

So the nation of him raved :
Of the town where he had saved
Five hundred, he was voted free ;
And Liverpool gave plate,
And he hadn't long to wait
Till a baronet they bade him be.

A lord, in after years,
He thundered down Algiers
And spoke law to the Dey from his deck ;
But as great and brave was he
When, o'er Plymouth's boiling sea,
He swung the last from that doomed wreck.





A WHALER'S SONG.

OH ! there's never a game
You landsmen can name
With the sport that is known to a sailor ;
There's never a chase
On the land but gives place
To the hunt that we know from a whaler.

The look-out aloft
Has looked oft and oft
And never a cry has been calling ;
Now it's out loud he shouts,
" There he spouts, there he spouts ;"
And the mate, " Off, boats, off," sharp is bawling ;
" Give way there ; he shows ;"
" Pull—pull—there he blows ;"
The harpooner his tubbed rope's uncoiling ;

" Now—now—at his side,
 Give him one through his hide ! ”
 Down he goes ; how he leaves the sea boiling !
 Oh, there's never a game
 You landsmen can name
 With the sport that is known to a sailor ;
 There's never a chase
 On the land but gives place
 To the hunt that we know from a whaler.

" Back oars ;—let it run ;
 " He must soon see the sun ;
 " What a pace the black spouter is going !
 " He's up, boys, for air ;
 " Plant another spear there ;
 " Quick ;—another harpoon, mate, be throwing ;
 " That—that was the trick ;
 " Of such tickling he's sick ;
 " Down he plunges again in a hurry ;
 " The blood that must be
 " Of his life on the sea ;
 " Starn all ; 'ware his parting death flurry ! ”
 Oh, there's never a game
 You landsmen can name
 With the sport that is known to a sailor ;
 There's never a chase
 On the land but gives place
 To the hunt that we know from a whaler.

He rolls, huge and black ;
Now for spades to his back ;
Strip his hide, just like old india-rubber ;
Now it's slice, dig and boil,
And down hold with his oil ;
Hurrah, ninety casks from his blubber ;
The whale-bone now stow,
Home for dollars to go ;
Of the rest, the sharks won't make much trouble.
Now, look-out, again
With your glass sweep the main,
Such a chase—such a prize, we'd have double.
Oh, there's never a game
You, landsmen, can name
With the sport that is known to a sailor ;
There's never a chase,
On the land but gives place
To the hunt that we know from a whaler.



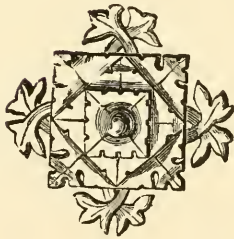


IT'S ABSENCE MAKES US FONDEST.

It's absence makes us fondest ;
That we best understand,
 And that's why we
 Who roam the sea
We dearest love the land ;
You landsmen can't be feeling
How this our home endears
 To see it rise
 To sea-tost eyes
It has not met for years.

And as with land with loving ;
With us it's ever been
 That doubly kind
 We, sailors, find
The dear ones seldom seen ;

It's well a voyage to leave them,
To know the blesséd day
 When those we've thought
 Of months are caught
To hearts so long away.





SALT JUNK.

LET's sing of a subject that's in every mouth
Of a sailor, wherever he's bound, north or south ;
Our owners' invention well worthy some fuss,
Since from it they get all the work that's in us ;
The solid that oaks might have hewn from each trunk,
That makes hearts of oak of us, jolly salt junk.

What it is, that's a mystery never cleared quite ;
Mahogany plainly it looks to the sight ;
It chews like that wood and to both, on my life,
A saw you should use as the best sort of knife ;
To know one from 'tother, just study a hunk,
'Twill puzzle you quite, so like wood is good junk.

The knowing-ones other things of it have guessed,
But the jee-up-wo theory's held far the best ;
Why were horses created ? let's whisper aside,
Not that sailors upon them should balance astride,

But that owners should get from each nag's worn-out
trunk,
For their seamen, a jolly good store of salt junk.

What's it good for? for two things you'll all take your
oath,
It blunts well the teeth and the appetite both;
It's so tough, you can't swallow it dry, so this prog
Was doubtless intended to hint, "Take your grog."
Will it travel by land alone? just try a hunk
And see if, unwashed down, you'll bolt your salt junk.

Tough prog makes tough hearts, so the truth do I miss
When I guess sailors' toughness is perhaps got from
this?
Landsmen thrive on soft meat, so they're soft in the
face
And heart, but us sailors land nerves would disgrace;
For work, fight or foundering we're fit from the hunk,
We daily delight in of good break-jaw junk.

It's a proof it's our best friend because it's abused;
It's scoffed at and kicked at but never refused;
A wonder to landsmen whose palates it suits
Exactly as would an ungreased pair of boots,
Taken by us with work, song and sea-breeze, a hunk,
After all, isn't so bad, so here's to salt junk.



THE LAND, BOYS, THE LAND.

To sing about the sea's delights, your landsmen think
it grand ;

What fools they are, let them to sea, and how they'll
love the land ;

Let them box about, blow high, blow low, and, mess-
mates, ar'n't you sure,

They'll long to change for shore-days soon the life that
we endure ?

Oh! the sailor must be rough and the sailor tough
must be,

For rough and tough, mates, is the life we sailors know
at sea.

Oh! a man must see for six months but only sea and
sky,

Then he'll learn how storm-tost sailors for a sight
of shore must sigh ;

It sounds not bad to sing ashore "the sea, the sea, we'll
roam,"
But toss and roll upon it, mates, and how you'll long
for home,
Long on land with wife and children dear, with dear
old friends, to be,
Knowing nought of watches, cold and storm, and the
dangers of the sea.





TO THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

WE'D been boxing about some six months in the old
tub we'd learned to hate well,
Roll and dip went our rusty brown whaler, plunging
through the Pacific's long swell,
We'd not a scrap left of fresh prog ; every bit of a green
thing was eat ;
Sweet potatoes, bananas, yams, all, their taste we'd
long learned to forget ;
Just one old cock was left in the hen-coop for the
. skipper, the toughest and last,
And we felt till that rooster he'd swallowed, our anchor
we never should cast ;
How we wished the neck wrung of that red-comb, as
we drove on, our look-out but sky
And sea, just as if never more a green shore-line would
rise to our eye ;

Old Jem at the tiller half-dozed, as steady strong trade-winds behind,
Day and night we rolled on like the doomed Flying Dutchman that no port can find ;
We pulled after some twenty spouters, but speared but just six of the score,
And, the less there was oil in our hold, the harder the riled skipper swore.

We were sulky and glum ; every watch yet more sulky and glummer we grew ;
And whether our cruise was to last on till doomsday, why, none of us knew ;
So we growled and growled deeper at all, junk and biscuit and skipper and tub ;
But how, without quite mutineering, to trim course for land, was the rub ;
The trades drove us easy enough and our old lass she followed her nose,
While we all lay about with just no more to do than to grumble and doze,
And see with our eyes half asleep, a near white strand beyond a reef's roar,
And the fresh longed-for bread-fruit-tree groves, golden-fruited right down to the shore ;

And dusky young girls, to the beach, who call us with
 laugh, look and smile,
And tattooed brown niggers and cabins, all the sights
 of a blest South Sea isle ;
Was it pleasant, I ask you, to find that our peepers
 played dreams and no more ?
And such dreams, as we waked up, why, lord ! how
 they set us alonging for shore !

Cook potted the rooster at last ; he was bolted all,
 then came a shout
From the skipper to Jack at the wheel, " Look, man,
 how her head yaws about !
" Keep her up to it tight ! " then says Jack with a grin
 that was all in his eye,
" She won't go to windward, you see, anyhow now, and,
 captain, for why ?
" There's land down to leeward she smells and her
 timbers, land-grown, know it's wrong
" Not to sight earth again just a bit, just to hug shore
 for which they so long ; "
Then the skipper sang out and all felt as they hadn't
 felt many a day,
" Well, head her then for Nukuheva, she'll steer when
 she's cruising that way. "

And, bless the old lass, how she stepped it, as if she
did just understand,
She was to have some rest at last, cosy, inshore, aside
of the land ;
It didn't take her long to find Nukuheva, her old nose
to lay
Snug anchored beneath the tall palms that hung green
right down in to the bay.





WERE I THAT GULL.

WERE I that gull, Oh ! with what pleasure
I'd northward cleave yon wintry sky ;
With what delight the leagues I'd measure
The weary leagues that 'twixt us lie ;
Through sleet, through hail, by icebergs gladly
My keen grey way I'd gaily wing ;
No blast could make my heart beat sadly ;
Still hearing you, it could but sing.

The wintry sun is coldly gleaming
Along the wan seas' weary wastes ;
It leads me on, still on, in seeming ;
North, ever north, my fancy hastes ;
Winged by my heart, through day, through night, love,
My thoughts speed on, with flight still true,
True as my heart, until they light, love,
Upon your deck and home with you.



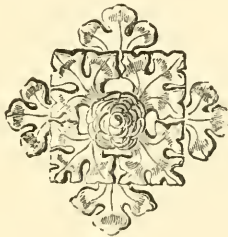
YO, HEAVE HO.

CHEER up, mates ; what though we now must leave them,
Leave wives and sweethearts, off again to go,
Let not our looks at parting still more grieve them ;
They're sad enough, without our grief, we know ;
Cheer up, shipmates ; they may be down-hearted ;
Tears were meant for women ; that to all is plain ;
What though a year from them we must be parted,
Chink we'll have for them, when back we come again ;
Give them three cheers now, now while they can hear
them ;

Cheerily let our last breath to them go ;
While we're afar, we'd have our last looks cheer them ;
Now round, men, with a will, with, "Yo, heave ho."

Work, lads, work ; that best kills idle grieving ;
What though a year from them we all must be ;
Love grows with longing, so our girls we're leaving,
When next we're home but dearer looks to see ;

Life's made for work and we have had our spreeing,
Every shilling's gone, so we must off for more ;
Not with empty pockets we'll our girls be seeing
When our voyage is ended and we're safe ashore ;
That for your croakers ; let them, white as tailors,
Shake at the dangers we at sea must know ;
Land-lubbers' fears, what are they to us sailors,
Now round, men, with a will, with, "Yo, heave ho."





WHEN FIRST I WENT A WHALING.

WHEN first I went a whaling,
I left my home, a boy,
And 'mongst the gleaming ice-fields,
That home was still my joy ;
For when, below the North-lights,
The polar winds blew shrill,
Dreams of my loving mother,
Those dear dreams warmed me still.

Amid the clashing icebergs
My whaler rolls to-day,
And keen the Arctic ice-blasts
From the snow-floes round me play ;
But fond dreams of another
My thoughts with summer fill ;
One, dearer than a mother,
My heart is warming still.



THE OLD STUFF IS HERE IN US STILL.

THE old stuff is here in us still,
Whatever those fools may be prating ;
They'll not touch us, say what they will,
However our greatness they're hating ;
Let them rail ; perhaps they'll just make us growl,
Though a growl it's scarce well to be wasting ;
If they wake us up, lord ! how they'll howl,
A bit of our old temper, tasting.

John Bull fat with plenty has grown,
Fat and, all may see, easy and lazy ;
But they who won't leave him alone,
Why, I tell them at once that they're crazy ;
There's the muzzle that held on of old,
That can hold on as long still at present ;
And those teeth, if they do grip, I'm told,
Will clench in a way that's not pleasant.



'TIS TRUE THAT OUR LOT IS BUT
ROUGH.

'Tis true that our lot is but rough ;
 It's not your smooth life of the shore ;
But your days are more dull than enough ;
 And, the life of the deck, we love more ;
We give Death more chances, we own ;
 He may stop with salt-water, our breath,
But the end of us all lies alone
 With Him who gives long days or death ;
Ships must trade ; we must sail them, we know ;
 Tempests, men always onwards have swept ;
All must work with a will while below ;
 Calm or storm, still the watch must be kept.

You're working for comfort at home,
Day by day, in your dull mill-horse round ;
We'd rather with waves and winds roam,
Than, nailed to your desks, we'd be found ;
Month by month, the same bustle and fuss
You go through, the same dull pens you drive ;
Your street life, it wouldn't suit us ;
Why, mates, it's not being alive ;
What though, blast and storm, we must face ?
Round the globe all alive we are swept ;
We'd not with you landsmen change place,
Though the watch, calm or storm, must be kept.





SAYS NANCY TO ME WHEN I PARTED.

Says Nancy to me when I parted
From her, on this voyage off to go,
“Oh! Jack, I shall be so down-hearted,”
Whenever I hear a gale blow;
There you to the rocking yards clinging,
In the howling gusts, still I shall see;
And your Nancy her hands will be wringing
Thinking, lost to your Nancy, you’ll be;
Horror-dumb, I shall see you, Jack, falling,
Head-first, to the billows beneath,
And to save you, on kind ’Heaven calling,
I shall, swooning, join you, lad, in death.”

Says I, "Now don't go to be silly;
I've gone twenty times and come home;
I must sail the salt seas, willy nilly,
Till I reach you once more o'er the foam;
I've my sea-legs; the shrouds are no strangers
To me; they're old friends to my hand;
On the yards, where you fancy such dangers,
I foot it, as if upon land;
Let it high or low, Nan, be a blowing,
I shan't take a fall to below."
Then I bussed off her tears that were flowing;
But she'll sigh when she hears a gale blow.





OH, I CARE NOT FOR THE NORTH
WIND.

OH, I care not for the North wind,
I care not for the West,
I little like the East wind,
It's the South I love the best ;
It blows from far, far sunny seas,
The bright waves of the South,
And warm against my lips it blows
With kisses from his mouth.

I lean out from the casement ;
It's South I lean my lip
Towards the glowing Tropic calm
Where floats my Edward's ship ;
And Oh ! I love the South breeze
Against my mouth to play,
To bring me warm, fond kisses
From his lips so far away.



THEIR HEARTS ARE WITH US, BOYS.

THEIR hearts are with us, boys; their hearts, boys,
are here,
Ours, ours are their day-thoughts, their night-dreams
so dear;
Wherever our good ship the wild gales may blow,
Their hearts are with us, boys, wherever we go.

Their last looks we treasure, their last laughs and
tears,
The last sobs and whispers we heard from our dears;
Half a world from our darlings, we're tossing we
know,
But their hearts are with us, boys, wherever we go.

Some may sing that the sea, than the land, they love
more,

But we that toss on it, we long for the shore ;
Whistle, lads, for a good gale our ship swift to blow
To the dear hearts that track us wherever we go.

They say, of us sailors, that hard is our lot ;
We rough it, but, home-bound, all that is forgot ;
We speed to a welcome no landsmen can know
From hearts that are with us wherever we go.





SAILING HOME.

Now, boys, we are sailing home again,
Hurrah—hurrah!
Shall we look for some on the quay in vain?
Hurrah—hurrah!
There, husbands, you your wives will see,
There, lads, our sweethearts bright will be,
All sniles and glee
That we have come sailing home.

Then put her along with every sail;
Hurrah—hurrah!
And whistle up, boys, a piping gale;
Hurrah—hurrah!
A month, and we shall be in port,
Then, boys, for home and sprec and sport,
With those so gay
That we have come sailing home.

Now is it not worth a year at sea,
Hurrah—hurrah!
Though roughish our days and nights may be,
Hurrah—hurrah!
To think how dear the eyes will be
That are watching to look us in from sea
With tears of glee
That we have come safely home.





WE WOULD NOT THINK OF YOU IN
TEARS.

COME dry your eyes, dear girls ; of you
We would not think in tears ;
For you're with us whate'er we do,
And, in smiles, we'd see our dears ;
When, girls, your healths we fondly drink,
Far from you, leagues away,
Come, let us but of gay looks think,
Of smiles we leave to-day.

A fig for care ! for you we work ;
Our cash, for you, we earn ;
They're lubbers who their duty shirk ;
We go but to return ;
From laughing looks, not tearful eyes,
We'd part, dear hearts, to-day,
From faces that in smiles shall rise
In lone hours far away.



TIGHT AND SAUCY.

Tight and saucy—tight and saucy,
Trim's the ship we hail from,
Known as just the best A.1.
In every port we sail from.

Her lines are lovely to all eyes ;
Her owners well our beauty prize ;
There's not a clipper 'neath the skies
 To name with her we hail from ;
Give to her but a piping breeze,
Why, like a knife she cuts the seas ;
She'll do for us just what we please,
 Pride of the port we sail from.
 Tight and saucy—tight and saucy,
 Trim's the ship we hail from,
 Known as just the best A.1.
 In every port we sail from.

But let the breeze shrill to a gale,
How like a duck the seas she'll sail!
Ask of her anything—she fail?

No, not the ship we hail from;
She cares not, she, for driving rack,
For roaring tempest—skies ink-black;
Storms do but speed her swifter back
To that dear home we sail from.
Tight and saucy—tight and saucy,
Trim's the ship we hail from,
Known as just the best A. 1.
In every port we sail from.

Then here's to her, our lass, whose lip
Seas love to kiss, as by they slip;
Drink, boys, to her, our bonny ship,
The boat so trim we hail from;
Ask all the seas, the winds that blow
If they a lovelier beauty know,
Than this our craft, the pride, the show
Of every port we sail from.
Tight and saucy—tight and saucy,
Trim's the ship we hail from,
Known as just the best A. 1.
In every port we sail from.



HOW WE SAVED THEM.

A LIFEBOAT BALLAD.

“Look alive, men!” was the shout,
Scarce heard above the roar
Of the thundering billows tumbling out
From the night up the grating shore :
“Look alive!” “Ay, ready!” And far
Out, up from the foam, again,
Shot a rocket—a burning star,
Blood-red—through the blinding rain.
“Now, never a wilder night
Have we launched us to sea, God knows !
But the Goodwins sent up that light ;
Hurrah ! to the storm she goes !”

“Bend to it, my mates ! pull all !
Drive her out through the racing foam !
We’ll save those for help who call,
Before we again see home.

Steer coolly, now, old mate—steer !
You hold their lives in your hand ;
Through all, we'll pull ; never fear
But we'll get the poor souls to land.
Our boat is the queen of tight boats ;
How well to that sea she rose ?
Nothing beats our beauty that floats ;
Hurrah ! to the wreck she goes !”

“To leeward ! I hear their cries :
That shout, it came up the gust.
Steady all, men ! ah, there she lies ;
Pull under her lee, we must.
Now, quick ; stand by with the coil !
Cool, cool, steady, mate ! Now throw !
They have it ! The sea may boil,
But safe to the shore they go.
The children ! That woman first !
Wrap them aft ! Thank God for those !
Now, in with the rest ; The worst
Is past. Off to shore she goes !”



ROBERT BLAKE.

ADMIRAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH,

1649-1656.

If Britons need to nerve them,
The way of death to take,
Whose deeds for that will serve them,
As well as those of Blake,
Of him, the grandest Captain
That English deck has trod,
Who wrought and won for England,
Who lived and died for God?
While others strove for honours
And, earthly crowns, to take,
To serve his God and England,
Fought grand old Robert Blake.

'Twas his to deal on heroes
Our blows, in that old day ;
'Twas with Van Tromp and De Ruyter,
That, gun to gun, he lay ;
Great hearts had those grand Dutchmen,
For they too lived to feel
Not for kings they fought, but freedom,
For the State and Commonweal ;
But our Puritan outmatched them
When they played at give and take ;
How, at Beechy-head, they knew him,
When they fought and fled from Blake !

Ever, unchanged, we see him,
Through all his Cromwell's days,
A heart that knew but duty,
A life that earned but praise ;
The same in storm and battle,
No doubt—no fear, was his
'Mongst Vera Cruz's hell-fire,
Tunis's batteries ;
If a hero then you're needing,
To live to, can you take
A nobler life to guide you
Than that of grand old Blake ?

His deeds are England's greatness ;
His name, no years can dim ;
Our Red Cross knew but glory
While it rode the seas with him ;
Pope and King, from it, took terror ;
As they thought who that flag bore,
They bowed to the might it fluttered,
As it swept from shore to shore ;
Hating, they crouched to England ;
No mock they dared to make
Of the kingless land he stood for,
That was strong through Robert Blake.





MARRYAT IN "THE IMPÉRIEUSE."

See Mrs. Ross Church's Life and Letters of Captain Marryat.

BETWEEN the guns we laid him,
Our Middy, with the rest ;
The Mounseers off had paid him
For good at last we guessed ;
Young monkey, stayed for ever
Are all you tricks and fun ;
With your mad jokes you'll never
Serve out another one.

Our first Lieutenant going
Along-decks, thus gave tongue ;
" Well, he's done with his crowing ;
He won't live to be hung ;"
Then Middy, most disgusted,
He wa'n't one to say die,
Blinks his peepers and out-busted
Faintly, from his lips, " You lie !"



TO THE NORTH SEA.

It's Christmas Eve and round me
Are dance and talk and jest,
And I'm striving to seem joyous,
Just as merry as the rest ;
But the faces and the voices
They fade before my sight,
And I see the Northern streamers
Flush up the Arctic night.

Oh ! bright our hall is gleaming,
And warm the fire-gleams play
On the holly others' eyes see,
But mine are far away,
They see your lamp-lit cabin,
Not all they seem to view,
And I fill them full with gladness,
With a long, dear look at you.



THE DEAR ONES WE'VE LEFT AT HOME.

OUR skipper is crabbed and stern ;
To us he has but one tone ;
But that he's a soft place somewhere,
I've a notion, my lads, I own ;
For I've seen his face grow soft,
And a tear, or I'm blind, has come
To his eyes as he's heard us toast,
The dear ones we've left at home.

And, say what you will, my mates,
Though stormy and rough is he,
Somewhere on the land he'll show
What we seldom have glimpsed at sea ;
For, hard though he be afloat,
I've seen to his rough eye come,
A mist when, my lads, we've drunk,
To the dear ones we've left at home.

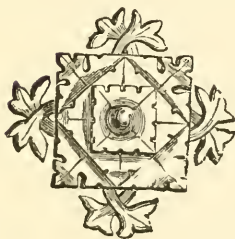


YOU LANDSMEN MAY HAVE PLENTY.

You landsmen may have plenty
And dine at home at ease,
But you'll never eat as we do,
Who are sharp-set by the breeze ;
You may have scores of dishes,
But on you they're wasted quite,
While tough salt-horse we're munching,
With hunger that's delight.

You landsmen may have down beds,
And lie secure and warm,
But can you sleep as we do,
Turning in from cold and storm ?
From the keen night-watch in winter,
Tumble frozen down below,
And the bliss within a sea-bunk,
'Tis then you'll learn to know.

You sneeze at every air-draught,
Half-dead with all your wealth ;
Try our life with all its roughness ;
'Twill teach you what is health ;
You're coddled up like misses,
Too weak to toil or strive,
Come face, with us, a sea-life,
And feel, with us, alive.



SHE'S SWEETER TO ME THAN THE
BEST OF THEM ALL.

THEIR gipsies of Donnas, Spain's Dons well may love ;
Your Cubans, their Creoles, rank all belles above ;
I've heard messmates say that you have not a chance
Of keeping quite cool near the charmers of France ;
The Signors of Naples and Venice may fall
At the feet of Signoras whom matchless they call,
 But, up with your glass,
 I know a dear lass
That's sweeter to me than the best of them all.

For twenty rough years, I've been boxing about ;
All ports of the wide world, I've been in and out ;
North and South, East and West, from New York to
 Hong Kong,
And I've glimpsed all the charmers, to each, that
 belong ;
There are sweet ones in all at whose feet one could fall ;
Dane, Turk, South Sea brownie, you beauties may call ;
 But, up with your glass,
 Here's the English dear lass
That's sweeter to me than the best of them all.



HE'S ALL RIGHT IN WHOSE POCKET
THERE'S ALWAYS SOME CHINK.

Now, messmates, attend and make note of my song,
If you follow its teaching, you can't go far wrong ;
For I'd have it to tell you just that which I think,
He's all right in whose pocket there's always some
chink.

What's a sailor without it? you're tight and you're
smart,
But, if you've not the rhino, who'll give you her heart?
At the roughest old salt, all the girls they will wink
If they twig in his pocket a good store of chink.

Oh! chink is the master, that all know that live ;
Those with it their orders to others can give ;
A poor devil can't swallow a bite or a drink
Without sponging on some one, unless he has chink.

Then hold to the brads that so hardly you earn ;
While you have them, why, all, lads, will do you a
 turn,
Even home and old friends, little of you will think,
If you can't pay your way, so just stick to the chink.





WHY DON'T THEY COME TO SEA?

WHAT do they see, these folks ashore that spend in
towns their lives,
Or are tied to farms and fields at home with children
and with wives?
Everyday but just the same things each sees until he
dies,
With, all life through, one spot of earth unchanged
before their eyes;
Each cottage, hedge, and pathway, each brook, and
lane so known,
They'll tell the look of every bush, the place of every
stone;
How they must bless the seasons and the changes that
they bring,
That the Summer browns to Autumn and the Winter
greens to Spring!

Like caterpillars on their leaves, from life to death
they crawl ;
The world of some few country miles, with a trip to
town, their all ;
Lord ! Ned, *those sleepy country-folks, what ninnies
they must be,
Why don't they leave their bits of land and take a
turn at sea ?

And there's those City swells who live ten miles from
town or so,
Their travels are a railway ride, night and morning to
and fro ;
Why, they're worse off than those stay-at-homes that
in the country dwell,
Each to a desk is nailed all day, in an office like a
cell ;
Or, if they do get out, why, there's the very self-same
street
They always see, the self-same stones that daily feel
their feet,
The same dull fuss to get ' the chink each hour they're
going through ;
Lord ! Ned, how we should sicken if we had their
work to do !
Mill-horses, now, I do suppose, do get used to their
round,

Or else, at such dull work as this, men wouldn't sure
be found ;

But, Ned, lad, Lord ! what ninnies these City swells
must be !

Why don't they—hang their offices and take a turn at
sea ?

Slugs love a foot of garden-ground ; sea-leagues your
swallows fly ;

Well, as we're free to roam the world, let's box about,
say I ;

North and south, and east and west, all ways, I've
cruised it, round and round,

With always something fresh to see, wherever I was
bound ;

What sights it has of shores and seas as round the
world you roll !

What lazy calms upon the line—what ice-floes at the
Pole !

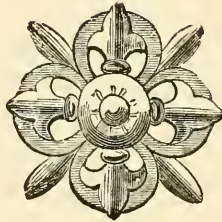
Why, as from port to port you trade, no cruise but
brings its change ;

No land or clime but shows your eyes some queer
things new and strange ;

Men, women, savages, and such, and unknown seas
and skies ;

Odd fish you see down ocean, then some new bird
past you flies ;

Oh! Ned, with all these sights to see, what ninnies
they must be
That die and never glimpse the world! why don't they
come to sea?





MAY ALL GO WITH THE TIDE.

HERE'S a sunny voyage to all
That down life's waters ride ;
May good luck all befall
And all go with the tide ;
Still with a favouring wind
To death's port may they glide,
And leave all ills behind,
Still sailing with the tide.

No malice let us know ;
All here should be but friends ;
Let death come quick or slow,
How soon our cruising ends !
We've small time for good-will,
And none for aught beside ;
Then, lads, our toast be still,
May all go with the tide !



TO THE PACIFIC.

WHY, if you'd know perfect ease,
Just all that your heart can please,
 Then off, mate, I say,
 Ship, man, and away
To the isles of the Southern Seas.

In a whaler just box about,
Watching round for a sperm-whale's spout,
 Some six months or so
 That for land you may know
How to keep, mate, a sharp look-out.

Then for shore when you're prime sharp-set,
And the land's look you half forget,
 With a good trade wind,
 Your whaler behind,
For port, let your course be set.

And, I say, how you'll bless your eyes
To see some isle rise and rise
 Till each bread-fruit tree
 You can plainly see
And each leaf with its rainbow dyes.

And your old tub won't understand
As it rolls and dips to the land,
 What mermaids they are
 That come swimming so far
To board her, hand over hand.

But, mate, if I don't mistake,
You'll little palaver make
 At a South-sea maid
 Not being afraid
A trip to your deck to take.

Then—then for a snug shore-life,
With no fuss of bustle and strife,
 Where no thought you give
 To how you're to live
But leave that to your island wife.

No watch—no work to be done,
You've just to enjoy the sun,
 Or lazily rove
 From grove to grove,
Where trouble and want plague none.

Then, at night, with some tattooed chief,
With a torch, wade off to a reef ;
 Through the waves so clear,
 If you're neat with the spear,
Some fish you may bring to grief.

Talk of home-life just as you please ;
Do any know here the ease
 That I, mate, have known
 Down South there alone
In those isles of the tropic seas.





HERE'S TO VAN TROMP AND DE
RUYTER

It's a land of ditch and dyke,
Of lake and dune ;—what then?
Jeer at it as you like,
It breeds the first of men ;
Its fields are low and flat,
Its waters dull and slow ;
But, lads, what matters that?
What heroes it can grow !
Two fought us many a day
Whose fame still grows the brighter ;
Glory to both, I say ;
Here's Van Tromp and De Ruyter !

Their tongue was kin to ours ;
 Their blood almost the same ;
We proved it in those hours
 We both with pride can name ;
What grand, stout souls they bore
 Was better known to none
Than Blake and Monk who tore
 Fame from them, gun to gun ;
Of dread they shared our scorn ;
 Their fames can but grow brighter ;
None braver e'er were born
 Than Van Tromp and De Ruyter.

Freemen, they served the free ;
 Careless what might betide
Themselves, they rode the sea
 With all our English pride ;
Their flag unstained must fly ;
 Their land its sway must keep ;
For that they swept to die
 Or conquer on the deep ;
They lost, but, losing, won
 Renown that burns but brighter ;
Second to-day to none
 Are Van Tromp and De Ruyter.



THE TOGS, THEY DO NOT MAKE THE SAILOR.

IN all togs we've fought and we've won ;
 What mattered to us what we wore ?
Our rigging ? why all that was done
 By those that ruled such things ashore ;
We could make Don and Mounseer to strike,
 Howe'er we were rigged by the tailor ;
We've taught them all, say what they like,
 That the togs, they do not make the sailor.

We know now, when bare-skins were worn,
 And our fathers thought blue dyes full dress,
The Romans our pluck couldn't scorn ;
 We stood for our rights well, I guess ;
When petticoats next had their reign,
 Women we were not made by the tailor ;
In skirts, how we leathered the Dane ;
 No—your togs, they do not make the sailor.

Later on, in a steel coat and hat,
Your sea-dog and captain were seen ;
But, if we wore mail, what of that ?
In that, we were all we've still been ;
At Sluys and at Harfleur, we showed,
Howe'er we were rigged by the tailor,
Our togs only to him we owed ;
It's the man in 'em that is the sailor.

Then came the great days of Queen Bess,
With their Frobisher, Hawkins and Drake,
When we taught the proud Dons to confess,
Ruffs, our courage the less didn't make ;
Our breeches were bagged then as much
As Mynheer's by our then Tudor tailor ;
But we taught the Armada in such,
That the queerest togs don't spoil the sailor.

And when Blake and Dean and stout Monk,
From Van Tromp and De Ruyter won fame,
Though buff-coats might hold our salt-junk,
Yet, within 'em, we still were the same ;
In full-bottomed wigs, next we're found ;
Laced jackets we had from our tailor,
But, with Shovel and Rooke, we're renowned,
For the change of togs don't change the sailor.

To fight Nap, we powdered our hair
And our pigtails would scarce let us wink,
But, whatever our togs, everywhere
We did good work in 'em, we think ;
Our old rig might now make us grin,
But, whatever we got from the tailor,
With pigtails, we knew how to win,
For, his rigging, that isn't the sailor.

Now it's blue jacket and shiny hat
That our steaming tea-kettles must man ;
We've no pigtails, but what matters that ?
We shall win, for we know that we can ;
We're all that we ever have been,
However we're rigged by the tailor,
And, if need be, it plain will be seen,
Our togs, they have not spoiled the sailor.





THE SWALLOWS.

STANDING in to the Channel, the Lizard in sight,
A fortnight, at Blackwall, would see us all right,
Then the breeze that was driving us fast on to you,
Chopped about and right west in our teeth the gale
blew.

Overhead then some swallows straight eastward flew
past ;
Uncaring for head-winds, they skimmed through the
blast ;
With their flight, onward, onward, my hopes longing
flew ;
How I wished for their swiftness to wing me to you.



THE MOON DROVE THROUGH THE SCUD ON HIGH.

THE moon drove through the scud on high ;
'Twas light—'twas shade, as on she flew ;
And, as she forward seemed to fly,
My thoughts were, wife, of home and you.

A moment, now, she gleamed down light ;
Now, on the deck, but shadow threw ;
And, as she showed, now dark, now bright,
My heart took fears and hopes for you.

Unclouded when her sweet light gleamed,
I saw my dear ones, blest and well ;
Vanished her beams ; the things I dreamed,
May God forbid home-news to tell.



NAY, NEVER CRY, LASS.

NAY, never cry, lass ;
Crying is vain ;
Months they will soon pass ;
I'll come again ;
Laugh rather, sweet one ;
Well, well you know
Some day you'll meet one
Who now must go.

Give me a smile, lass,
That I may say,
"She'll be brave," while, lass,
I'm far away ;
Long leagues from you, love,
While tempests blow,
That smile, my true love,
With me shall go.



OFF TO SEA.

FROM grief you cannot speak,
From sobs that make me weak,
With your tears upon my cheek,

Let me go ;

Oh, never doubt my faith !
When shall I not feel that breath ?
I should feel it, girl, in death,
That I know.

They are calling ; I must start ;
This moment we must part ;
Lips from lips, not heart from heart

Now must go ;

Yet now one last word say ;
Your cheek to mine, Nan, lay ;
Let me feel it, leagues away,
Press me so.

They are hailing from our boat ;
Out, this tide, our ship must float ;
On this moment, how I'll doat
 When storms blow ;
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye ;
While I live, and if I die,
Can I change ? no, Nan, not I ;
 That you know.





O WINDS, TELL ME WHERE DOES
MY SAILOR SAIL THE SEA.

O WINDS, tell me where does my sailor sail the sea ;
Oh, would that I could fly to him wherever he may be ;
But I know, where'er he is, that his thoughts are still
of me ;
And it's oh that my sailor were home again from sea !

Oh, he said, he'd not be long away when he tore him-
self from me ;
But long, long have the months been and I long his
face to see ;
O sweet gales blow him home again that happy I may
be,
For it's oh to fling these arms around my sailor safe
from sea !

Oh, when will that day come! what a moment that
will be
When his ship comes sailing into port and his boat
rows here to me,
When, before he's half ashore, I shall clasp him on
the quay!
And it's oh that I could keep him, nevermore to sail
the sea!



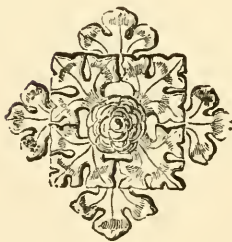


THAT'S OUR WAY.

WE'RE no play-actors, Jack ;
What they've done and what they'll do,
We let them Frenchmen say ;
When we've work before us, smack,
With perhaps a cheer or two,
We give the foe their whack,
Lots of broadsides, words but few ;
That's our way.

Good breath, let others waste ;
Let them chatter to seem bold ;
Your froth's not ale, I say ;
When our pills, wry-faced, they taste,
As they've often done of old,
To give voice, we're in no haste ;
By our guns, our meaning's told ;
That's our way.

The fact is, Jack, I doubt
All your noisy talking ones
Who have such lots to say ;
Why, when they're in for a bout,
So loud their clapper runs,
For real work, their breath's all out ;
We keep ours to serve our guns ;
That's our way.





THAT'S OUR WAY.

WE jaw and chatter ? no ;
 When work we have to do
Straight at them, boys, we go,
 With perhaps a cheer or two ;
We let our broadsides, Jack,
 Say all we have to say ;
That we've done for ages back ;
 That's our way.

Your French and foreign cnaps
 Palaver, froth and fuss ;
Their chatter suits them perhaps ;
 It doesn't do for us ;
For work, we keep our breath ;
 What's the use of jaw ? we say ;
Come victory or come death,
 That's our way.



THE WIFE'S WATCH.

OH, his ship, it was doomed, they said,
But a man he was every inch ;
“ I must earn, for my wife, her bread,
And I'm not the one to flinch.”
A minute, and I stood there
With his last kiss on my lips ;
Oh, what, for wives, do they care
Who grow rich by the loss of ships !

The spring should have brought him home,
But I watch through the winter gales,
Looking far o'er the racing foam,
All in vain, for his home-bound sails ;
Oh, when will he come ? Oh, when ?
Will he never come back to me ?
Oh, why are there heartless men
Who send husbands to drown at sea !



THE WINDS, INCONSTANT EVER.

THE Winds, inconstant ever,
 To every point may blow,
But can my thoughts shift? never;
 I prove inconstant? no;
The needle, all seas, ranges,
 Still, to it's North-star, true;
So my heart can know no changes,
 But longs to home with you.

They'll say, we've many a fancy,
 As, from port to port, we rove;
Ah, have no faith, my Nancy,
 In words that doubt my love;
Where'er our good ship's sailing,
 Whatever girls I view,
To one, my love's unfailing,
 And, Nancy, that is you.



THE WRECKED.

WHERE birches bend by Loch Achray,
I see a cottage door ;
I see a face so far away,
A gaze I'll glad no more ;
A longing look, a fond, fond gaze,
As though its sight could reach
To where I waste my lonely days
Upon this island beach ;
Oh ! whisper to her, wandering breeze,
A lone heart far away
Breaks to be northward, o'er the seas,
With her by Loch Achray.

Day dies to dark and dark to-day
Before these watching eyes ;
How long—for ever must I stay
Beneath these shadeless skies ?

Dumb stirless palms that watch around,
White reefs of foam and roar,
O! Southern sights—O! Southern sound,
That I were North once more!
O! seaward wind, Oh! wing me breeze,
Far from this dimless day,
Through clouded skies, o'er dark drear seas,
To love by Loch Achray.

No sail upon the cloudless deep!
I watch and wait in vain;
Must I for ever watch and weep,
To see a sail again?
O! face that day and night I see,
O! eyes that gaze to mine,
O! heart that prays that I may be
Once more at home and thine.
What sighs from my lone tropic life
Go upward night and day,
That I again may clasp my wife
At home by Loch Achray!





HOME-BOUND.

WIND, wind,
Shrilling through the shrouds,
Whirling by the foam-flakes,
Scudding on the clouds,
 Strain on every sail,
 Homeward-speeding gale,
While every creaking yard, each stitch of canvas crowds.

Wind, wind,
Bend each straining mast,
Drive our good ship northward
Quivering through the blast ;
 Onward, on, to home
 Sweep us through the foam ;
Fast up Channel drive us, to Portsmouth drive us fast.



THE CHASE.

TALLY-HO! tally-ho! the huntsman cries
As the pack on the scent he throws ;
Tally-ho! each red-coat after him hies
And o'er fallow and five-bar goes ;
But we, boys, we
Who ride the salt sea,
A nobler sport we know
When the sail-packed mast
Strains to the blast
In our chase of a scarce-seen foe.

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! 'tis good to ride
With your cheeks by the morning kissed,
While a good mare lifts you with rattling stride
Through the silvery morning mist :
 But a flying fox,
 Can he give and take knocks
As on, for a brush, you go ?
 Can he give you his guns
 As from you he runs
And shot at his huntsmen throw ?
 So we, boys, we
 Who ride the salt sea
The noblest sport we know
 When the shot whistle fast
 By sail and mast
As we're chasing a fighting foe.

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! it's sport to win
Red Reynard's bristling brush
When at last the whooping whipper-in
Saves the prize from the pack's fierce rush ;
 But your chase of miles,
 But wakes our smiles,
For a hundred leagues we go,
 And end with a brush
 And our boarders' rush
Ere our own is the fighting foe.

Oh ! we, boys, we
Who ride the salt sea
The noblest sport we know
When the flag of the chase
To our own gives place
And a prize is our well-fought foe.





THE BURSTING OF THE BOOM.

JULY 30TH, 1689.

BY A PRENTICE BOY OF DERRY.

YES—Derry minds her yet
Who snatched her from her doom ;
Could Derry dare forget,
His bursting of the boom ?
No—dead must be her pride
When her memory has no room
For him who for her died
At the bursting of the boom.

From Derry's leaguered wall
Starved eyes watched, day by day,
To where, unmoving all,
Kirke's English succours lay ;
'Twas then, when hope half died,
And death seemed Derry's doom,
Up, on the Foyle's full tide,
Rose sails towards the boom.

Then, how the blest words passed
Through every hungering home,
“ Oh, God be praised ! at last
They come ! look—look—they come !
His servants, God will save ;
Their foes, He will consume ;
Let Priest and Papist rave ;
His hand will rend the boom ! ”

Up Lough Foyle, on each shore,
The foe—they rouse—they run,
And Derry hears the roar,
From many an Irish gun ;
Flash and roar—to what wild fear,
Their hearts, those thunders doom !
But see ! near and more near,
The ships drive towards the boom !

How gaunt, with straining sight,
Those ghastly crowds gaze forth,
Through the fast darkening light,
Wild glaring towards the North !
A moment—all must know
Their own and Derry's doom ;
Now, Browning—Leake, they go
Straight at the awful boom.

Ah, how their poor hearts fell!
The Mountjoy takes the ground!
Hark to that Irish yell!
What murder's in the sound!
Hurrah! a moment dashed
Aground, she 'scapes her doom!
Browning, ahead, has crashed
Triumphant through the boom!

He comes to shrieks of joy!
He comes to clasping hands!
Ah! where's proud Derry's boy,
As the food his good ship lands?
Her Captain hears no more;
He slumbers, death his doom,
For her who still tells o'er
How Browning burst the boom.





A SONG FROM THE SEA-PORTS.

WHAT'S murder? Killing men ashore—that's murder,
well we know ;

And killing babes and women too on land is reckoned
so.

On land you musn't stop a breath with water, gun, or
knife ;

You're judged to die a murderer if ashore you take a
life.

In the good of hanging murderers ashore they all agree ;
But the hangman has no rope for those who murder
men at sea.

We've often talked it over, but we've no difference
found

'Twixt murderers by whom men are stabbed and those
by whom they're drowned ;

Why sinking men in ocean and killing men on land
Shouldn't both deserve the gallows—that no sailors
understand.

They're murderers all alike, we say—the noose their
doom should be,

Who end a single life on land or scores away at sea.

We give our days to serve you ; they've dangers quite
enough ;

They've not the smooth life of your towns ; they're
toilsome, hard, and rough.

With the best of captains and of ships, the lee shore and
the storm

We sailors have to battle with while you sleep safe and
warm.

We should not be sent to drown like dogs ; we know
that shouldn't be ;

And gold should not be made, we say, by murdering
men at sea.

Rich men grow richer wrecking us ; that plainly now
we're told ;

To sea we're sent in worn-out hulks whose timbers
hardly hold ;

Short-manned and deep deck-laden, when storms are
looked for most,
So scores of ships go down at sea, or strew with wrecks
your coast.
But they left your ports insured so well, their loss great
gain will be
To those that send us sailors doomed to drown away
at sea.





AT CLOVELLY.

YES, I and the sea are one,
Have been one since I first drew breath,
Shall be one till my days are done,
Till I find, in those waters, death.

You see, to such folks as I
The sea is always a mate,
From the day it first hears us cry,
Till it hushes us, soon or late.

To you, I know, all is strange
Down here in our brown old port,
Where our lives know never a change,
All that pleases folks of your sort.

You landsmen but now and then
Think a week or two should be passed
Here, trying to feel like men,
Salted red by the keen sea-blast.

So you that live with the land,
From our roar and our foam so far,
You never can understand
What the lives of us sea-mates are.

We are born—that roar in our ears ;
We grow—to sport on those waves ;
Bread they give to us—hopes and fears,
Just all, till they find us graves.

Ah, masters, there's never a cot
Up there, that the storm howls round,
Whence some winner of bread has not
A grave in yon deep sea found.

Bless your God, you have not to think
As we, with the storms at strife,
Some day we must surely sink
With a last thought of child and wife.

Well, well, it's not we that die
That suffer ; it's those we leave,
The babes for their bread that cry,
The wife left to want and grieve !

I've looked from this very shore
Out over the racing foam,
For a father to come no more
To gladden and feed a home.

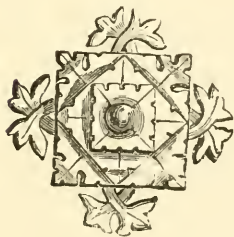
'Twas fifty hard years ago,
Yet it seems but as yesterday,
When that sobbing storm moaned low,
As the tempest died away.

And I, but a small boy then,
Looked to sea from a drawn-up boat,
And longed to be strong as men,
To work, for mother, afloat.

God helped us through weary years ;
My manhood I reached at last ;
Then my mother no more knew tears ;
Then I wiped out the hungry past.

Now I live just my father's life ;
From those waters I trawl my bread ;
Now in calm, now with squalls at strife,
I shall toil till I join the dead.

Shall I die in my bed like you ?
Shall I slumber beneath the sod ?
As my fathers did, I must do,
Work, and leave all the rest to God.





MY OLD FISHING-BOAT.

YES, there she lies,
The lass that we prize,
There she rests from her work awhile,
Hauled high on the beach
Where no waves can reach,
Where at storms our lass can smile.
And she should be blest
With her turn of rest,
Unvexed by the waves ; for why ?
Did she ever shirk
Her tide of work ?
Who says it ? I trow, not I.

I say it to you,
We've both been true
To each other this many a day ;
Through cold and warm,
Through calm and storm,
Since I stepped her first, years away
By wild squalls caught,
How often I've thought
Her hour and mine had come !
And she's shook with pride
As through all she'd ride
And bring me and our nets' take home.

I love my wife
As I love my life,
No better wife breathes—that's clear ;
Years come and go ;
Let them pass ; I know
They but make her to me more dear ;
So 'tis with my boat,
My wife afloat,
Since the hour she lipped the sea
There's been never a day
That we've worked away
But she's gotten more dear to me.

I've come to think
There's a strange fast link
'Twixt her and me here in life ;
We're one together
While every weather
We face for my chicks and wife ;
Day and night go by
And still she and I
In one work our hard hours spend,
And the selfsame sun,
When my race is run,
May see hers and my own life's end.

Well, till that hour,
Through sun and shower,
With blue or with black o'erhead,
In sun or squall,
With our nets, through all,
For our dear ones we'll win our bread
Our farm, the deep,
We'll plough and we'll reap
While herring and mackerel swim ;
And for death and the rest,
That's as God thinks best,
We'll work and leave that to Him.



'TIS THE FREE THAT RULE THE
SEA.

SHALL we be as Tyre and Carthage? as Venice shall
we be?

Shall our fleets, like those De Ruyter led, no longer rule
the sea?

That shall be.

When they who in our England breathe no longer are
the free,

Then 'twill be.

But, while freemen's breath we're breathing, from our
grasp shall not be torn

The rule we hold, the power to which our fathers' sons
are born,

And the waves,

When, and only when a tyrant's sway we know, our
reign shall scorn,

We but slaves.

Our might's the might of freedom ; with her strength
we must be strong ;
Woe to England and her sea-rule if she do to freedom
wrong !

Woe—thrice woe,
If no more the tameless life that has been her life so
long,
She shall know !

Shall our sons draw slavish breath ? shall they live,
self-ruled, no more ?
Shall our sails not whiten every sea—our screws not
seek each shore ?
No ; more free,
Yet more free and mightier yet, on all seas for evermore
We shall be.



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